CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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FROM THE PIONEER AND GOSPEL VISITOR.

TRUE, AND FALSE RELIGION.

"If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

James i, 26, 27.

When we are told, says a certain writer, that a man is religious, we still inquire, what are his morals? In however taunting a spirit, this remark may have been made, the most pious christian must admit, that it possesses a mournful degree of justice, as well as wit. Indeed, the sentiment has obtained a surprizing currency in the world, that religion is rather a substitute for a moral life, than genuine morality itself—that instead of its consisting purely in the love and practice of virtue, it is rather to be esteemed, as a something to make amends for aberrations from duty.

To a mind animated with just and generous sentiments, it is a sorrowful thought, that in all ages of our race, and among the various denominations of men, this broad distinction, betwixt religion and practical excellence has been so extentively entertained. In each quarter of the globe, and in every period, in which we can trace the history of human beings, they have exhibited a predominant propensity, to render homage, by one means or another to a presiding divinity. And though various opinions have sprung up concerning the nature, dispositions, and requirements of the supreme objects of adoration, though sects have been multiplied, though numerous institutions have been formed, and esteemed sacred, though many opposite forms of worship have been adopted, though worshippers have manifested the most immoveable tenacity to their respective sects, institutions, rites, and ceremonies, and though dissensions have thence arisen, to diffuse over society, animosities of the most direful character, to arm intolerance with the sword of persecution, and desolate the world with rivers of blood, yet amidst all these conflicts of opinion, feeling, and practice, in respect to *one conclusion*, a great harmony of sentiment has, most unfortunately, prevailed: this conclusion is, *that the Deity is to be chiefly honored by services quite distinct from the steady pursuit of a blameless life.*

In the human soul, we discover a combination of properties, which forcibly dispose it to religious contemplations. Hence man has been called a religious animal. There is that within him, which elevates his soul to higher objects of trust and veneration, than the whole universe of matter affords, that which fixes deeply in his mind, a sense of his own weakness and dependence, and inclines him to lean on an intelligence and power, superior to his own—that which causes him to shudder at the prospect of annihilation, and prompts his thoughts to break away from the limits of the present scene, and explore new regions of being, in remote futurity —that which awakens, in his breast, a consciousness of virtues and of sins, and inspires him with hopes and expectations, of reward, "a fearful looking for of" just retributions.

I look upon human nature as having in its original constitution, the germ of a principle productive of all these effects, a principle more expansive and energetic, and when rightly cultivated and directed, possessed of a more sovereign power to dignify and bless, than all other endowments, but in its perversion, as having fearful capacities to degrade, and wither all that is fair, and manly, and generous, and noble, in the soul. This principle, I call the religious one. It is plainly formed to spend its whole strength, in urging man up to lofty and virtuous attainments; but it has to struggle against a headlong tide of opposing and desolating influences, and is often strangled, and drowned, and left a formless mass of corruption, by the fury of the torrents that boils up, and roll onward from the fountains of lust and passion. Man finds in his animal nature, gross principles, which are incessantly striving for mastery over the higher dictates of his judgment, and the more amiable feelings of his heart. He is continually called to listen to the mandates of "a law in his members warring against the law of" his "mind."

"He is in a strait, betwixt two." He loves to gratify his passions, and yet he dreads the consequence. He hugs vice, and yet trembles at vengeance. He looks on sin, lighted with a smile, but beholds heaven darkened by a frown. What has he to do? Restrain his guilty appetites, or meet the wrath which awaits their indulgence. He dislikes to do either, and seeks a remedy. He wants something that will prove an accommodation betwixt him and his God—something that will allow him to pursue his vicious inclinations, and yet avert the wrath of an insulted Deity—in a word, something that will answer in the room of virtue. Hence glittering spires from consecrated edifices, have towered towards heaven. Hence, altars have been reared, and the blood of sacrificial victims, has smoked on their fires. Hence, men have made vows, and penances, and pilgrimages. Hence, sad looks and merry ones, feastings and fastings, imploring and blessing, laughing and crying, singing and sighing, groaning and shouting, kneeling, and dancing, have all, at one time or another, been practiced, and called serving God; and thus rational beings have so far perverted their faculties, as to vainly dream they were carrying on a successful barter with the Divinity, to pay him off in all this wretched trumpery of heartless observances for the continual violation, through the indulgence of their unhallowed propensities, of the moral order of his universe.

Man must, and will have some religion or other, and since the practice of the true, is attended by what he deems so many costly restraints upon his desires, he is prone to search out for himself, as a substitute, some baser principle of veneration, and to employ his powers in some service, that may at once serve to hush the tumult of his conscience, and to secure him the approbation of the world—that in his own eyes, and in the sight of others, will give him the *appearance*, of being truly religious, without subjecting him to the trouble of becoming *really* so. It ought not then to be deemed any disparagement to true religion, that an agent whose proper office is to maintain perpetual conflict with the corrupt dispositions of human nature, and which every where so strongly asserts its claims to deference and respect, should, through our false views of happiness, and eagerness for enjoyment, be frequently supplanted by principles of a gross, and spurious character. Silver and gold are valuable metals, and they are rendered no less so from the fact, that fraudulent avarice has often succeeded, in producing from less precious materials close resemblances to them. The very worth which is attached to a genuine currency, proves the occasion of the numerous impositions that are practised through counterfeits. Let not then, my christian audience, the deplorable prevalence of false and hurtful views of God and duty, serve in any measure, to close up your minds against the reception of such as are true and beneficial.

Having thus lingered unusually, though perhaps not unpardonably long, about the threshold of my subject, and taken a general survey of its premises, I shall now proceed to a more particular illustration of the sentiments embodied in my text, by endeavoring to make a proper distinction betwixt what constitutes the soul and essence of "pure religion and undefiled," and those deceptive appearances that are sometimes mistaken for it.

I begin by observing, that the abstract doctrines we profess, form no test of the purity of our practical religion. While on the one hand, in many respects we may believe well, and yet generally practice ill, so, on the other, the influence of pernicious errors, may be so counterbalanced in the mind, by opposite good principles, as to render the harboring of them consistent with great correctness of heart and life. And hence it is, that while false religion is often nourished and exhibited in regions and under circumstances the most favorable to the production of the true, that which is acceptable to God and salutary to the human soul is not confined to any special spot of earth, or within the limits of any particular religious denomination, but is cherished and manifested, as I maintain, not only among the several orders which bear the christian name, but even far beyond the boundaries of the whole community, who acknowledge the New Testament as the standard of their faith. The pure religion spoken of in my text, is plainly synonymous with virtue, in the broadest and best sense we can attach to that word. By virtue, I mean a just perception in the understanding of what is truly excellent, and of what is not a prevailing disposition of the heart, to love that which is right, and to abhor what is wrong, and what follows as a necessary consequence, the habitual practice of an outward demeanor in harmony with a judgment thus correct, and a heart thus pure. Virtue, so defined, forms the complete standard of true religion. To this standard, in its perfection, we cannot suppose any mortal ever to have attained. Imperfection must in the nature of things, characterize every being but God.

Among mankind, the most highly cultivated intellects are by no means free from misapprehensions concerning truth; hearts the most amiable are still liable to improper desires, and lives the best regulated are yet defective. We may properly call a man truly religious, just in proportion as in his sentiments and conduct he approaches to perfect virtue, and he is this, whether his advances in wisdom and goodness have been prompted and directed by the influence of one mode of instruction, or that of another. Whether he was born a Jew or a Gentile, of

Catholic or Protestant parents; whether he has been guided to knowledge and duty by the discoveries of philosophy, by the maxims of Confucius, by the truths that are blended with the fables of the Koran, by some feeble and scattered rays of light that glimmer through the darkness of Pagan superstitions, by the broad glare of instruction that beams from the sacred pages of Moses, and the holy bards of Judea; or whether he has been blessed with the still broader glory of the star of Bethlehem, under whatever circumstances of birth, or beneath whatever influences of education, his Creator has been pleased to place him, so that he improves the best advantages he enjoys—so that his understanding makes progress in truth—so that he cultivates and exhibits benevolent feelings, and so that he is possessed of uprightness of life, he honors the nature that God has bestowed on him, and is doubtless regarded by his Maker, with approbation and love. This sentiment is plainly in accordance with the teachings of Scripture. Says Paul, "For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For when the Gentiles which have not the law do by nature the things contained therein, these having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their consciences also bearing witness, and their thoughts, the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."

In the expression of these sentiments, let me be neither misunderstood, nor misrepresented. The remarks I have just made, are by no means designed to convey the impression, that it is a matter of no consequence, what a man believes, that it is of light moment, what system of religious teaching he adopts, that it is just as well to be in faith a Jew, a Mahometan, a Pagan, or an Atheist, as to be a firm, sincere believer in the Christian Religion—God knows, I harbor no such sentiment. I know of no nobler gift which he could have granted to the immortal minds of his rational creatures, than the revelation he has made through his Son. But the written word, though the clearest, is not the only declaration of himself, with which the Creator has furnished his intelligent offspring. He has impressed deep and bold inscriptions of his being, his attributes, and will, all over the splendid page of the material universe; and he has endowed man in every land, with a greater or less capacity, to understand and copy that excellence which he sees so abundantly displayed, in his Maker's works around him. He has interwoven even the coarsest textures of the human soul, with the nicest threads of humane and generous feeling. Virtues of the most admirable cast are often discoverable in minds obscured by gross barbarity. Among nations, wanting all the refinements of civilized life, we may find striking exhibitions of the most noble and estimable qualities. And who but the veriest bigot, can doubt that the poor savage, whose benevolent feelings, breaking away from the limits of his own kindred and people, prompt the exercise of a rough but honest hospitality, to the fatigued stranger, and even so far gain a mastery over the principles of retaliation, which so many circumstances contribute to nourish within him, as to cause him to render good for evil, to guide his *enemy* to his hut, and when thirsty, give him drink; when famishing, bread; when defenceless, protection; when lost, guidance to his own land—I say, who can for a moment doubt, that this untutored child of nature, in the practical manifestations of such workings of the heart, renders a service far more acceptable to God, than all the pompous parade of external worship, often practised in decorated temples? I believe, indeed, that that holy energy which awakens and gives strength to the religious principle in man, is an all-pervading spirit, uncloistered within the confines of any sect or system, bounding its operations by no creed, rank or denomination of men, but communicating itself to the human mind, under a thousand different circumstances, and through a great variety of channels, finding in every country, and under various forms of worship, hearts honest and sincere, and animating them with juster perceptions of excellence, and bolder purposes of duty. Yet though the divine spirit is thus diffusive, though God has no where left man without manifestations of himself, and incitements to goodness, still it is evident that ends are to be accomplished in the soul, just in proportion to the adaptedness of means for their execution, and that one system of instruction may be an agent of vastly more power than aught else, to work into the mind, to fertilize it with benign influences, to plant it with deep and vigorous principles, and so convert it into a fruitful field for the constant residence and husbandry of truth and conscience.

Christianity, if I rightly apprehend it, presents a system, of this strong and generous character. The delineations it gives of the Supreme Being—of the spirituality of his nature—of his paternal plan of government—of his inflexible justice—of his infinite compassion, mercy and grace—of the unchangeableness of his dispositions, purposes, and conduct; the soft and amiable, yet firm and manly spirit it breathes—the patient endurance of evils it enjoins—the willingness it goes to establish, to meet tribulations, and to seek even martyrdom rather than to warp or violate conscience—the general purity and devotedness to virtue of heart and life, it enforces—the example it furnishes in the person of the Savior—the assurance it gives of immortality—in short, its whole power to stimulate to action the most potent energies of our moral nature, to produce freedom of thought—to awaken fear, caution and prudence—to inspire hope, gratitude and love, through the diversified views it affords, of the divine pleasure, and of man's duty, interests, and prospects—the success with which it has condensed the most comprehensive and useful teachings, within a small compass, thus demanding no tedious investigations of detail, but fitting its most important truths to the ready comprehension of all, and by single and concentrated efforts, throwing before the mind a profusion of moral light. The whole plan of operation it thus pursues, in regard to ends and means, gives to the gospel an unspeakable superiority, as a benign and efficient agent to act on men's minds, over the whole train of influences that have been summoned and disciplined in the citadels of infidel philosophy, or marshalled on the plains of fabulous theology.

In speaking in such terms of the character and tendency of christianity, I have made no parade of heartless sounds. I have uttered what I fully believe and solemnly feel. Under the force of such impressions, I can conceive of no schemes too vast and of no labors too severe, to extend and perpetuate the pure, unadulterated influence of the christian religion. Yet much as we ought to prize the blessings of the New Testament, we are not to imagine that those who enjoy its benefits are the exclusive objects of the Universal Father's favorable regard. or that genuine goodness is restricted to them. No, we are bound to award honor, esteem, and charity to the virtues of the conscientious Mahometan, Pagan or Jew; while the mere profession of the name of Christ, unaccompanied by a temper and practice in conformity to his, entitles no one to credit in the sight of God or man. We are to love and venerate integrity and purity of heart, and life, as the peculiar features of our Maker's image in the human soul, wherever we meet with them, whether in Jew or Gentile, more than any outward profession of religion; we are to esteem the Christian religion above every other religious system, because of all the means of spiritual improvement which God has bestowed on man, we find it the most promotive of virtue.

We are to honor Christ, because he honors the Father, striving to advance the perfection of his noblest work—the immortal soul; and we are to express our reverence for the Savior, by conforming to his precepts, and copying his example. But we may be boisterous in vocal praise, to "God and the Lamb;" we may "weary echo" with the loud repetitions of Lord, Lord—we may call ourselves by the holiest name, and unite with the purest communities of Christians, and yet suffer all our faith to evaporate in words and appearances; we may adhere with great pertinacity to the letter of the Gospel, and yet be uninfluenced by the amiable spirit of its Divine Author, and so after all be as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal, seeming "to be religious," but deceiving our own hearts, and possessing a religion altogether vain; and even while our knees are planted before an altar of homage, and while the sacred name of the Lord Jesus Christ is on our lips, and words of supplication to Jehovah, are breaking forth from our tongues, expressing great pity and imploring mercy, for the benighted heathen, we ought to beware, lest in the sight of the heart-searching God, we are viewed as far less the children of the kingdom of heaven, than many a poor, ignorant, but sincere, and well meaning son of nature, who is ignorantly, yet devoutly offering the best religious service he knows of, in a sacrifice to a senseless idol.

These reflections lead me to remark in the second place, that those expressions of uncommon zeal, and earnestness which we occasionally witness among religious sectarians, to impress the minds of others, with their own peculiar tenets, are frequently attended by no evidence, that they are the effects of "religion pure and undefiled." Men may be very zealous, and very sincere too in their zeal to promote either a good or a bad cause. It does not go a step, to prove the goodness of a cause, that it has a large body of partizans, or that those partizans secure to themselves great power, and employ it with untiring assiduity in extending their mutual interests. If it proved any such thing, the kind of proof might be successfully adduced, in support of the pretensions of more than half the religious orders under heaven; since hosts have rallied around the respective standards of a great number of sects, and have been animated by the most irrepressible earnestness to carry their opinions into general respect, and veneration. The Pharisees of our Savior's time, were according to their own professions, the only *orthodox* religionists, in the world, yet it is plain, that among some truth, they embraced and propagated many gross, and pernicious errors. Jesus frankly informed them, that they "made the commandment of God of none effect" by their "tradition." Yet they "compassed sea and land to make one proselyte." Now this proves that they were exceedingly zealous in their sort of religion, but it does not prove, that religion to have been pure and undefiled;—it shows, what great exertions they made, to push forward their cause, but it does not show, that cause to have been a good one, for immediately after our Savior had spoken of their great efforts, to make a proselyte, he declares, "and when ye have made him, he is two fold more the child of hell than yourselves."

What people, let me ask, discover a more rigid tenacity to their peculiar doctrines, and institutions, than do the Mahometans? Who esteem themselves more *orthodox*, or express a more feeling concern for the souls of their fellow men? Who express more joy at the conversion of an unbeliever, to their faith, or who exhibit a stronger panic of dread and horror in anticipation of the awful wrath, which, they

suppose awaits such, as dare refuse assent to the pretensions of the prophet, and Omar. Take for instance the following account given by major Denham in his "African Travels" of an interview betwixt a few Mahometans and a party of English travellers: "When the *true believers*, as they styled themselves, saw that the English travellers were not of their faith; Boo Kaaloom, an Arabian leader, told the people that the English were unfortunate; that they did not believe in *the book*; (*the Koran*) that they had a book of their own, (*the Bible*) which did not speak of Mahomet, and that blind as they were, they believed in it! This account was received by a general groan! One Malem Chadily, however, did not content himself with groaning; he exclaimed, turn! turn! say God is God; and Mahomet is his prophet!—Wash, and become clean, and paradise is open to you. Without this, what can save you from eternal fire? Nothing: O, while sitting in the third heaven, I shall see you in the midst of the flames, crying out to your friend Barca Gana, and myself, *friend give me a drop of water*, but the gulph will be between us, and it will be too late. The Malem's tears flowed in abundance, during this harangue and every body appeared affected by his eloquence." I dismiss this narration, with a single remark, we are forcibly reminded by it, of the deep and permanent convictions, which education may fasten on the human mind, in favor of the most abominable superstitions.

(*To be continued.*)

POWER OF FAITH.

We perceive, then, the power of Faith. It is a practical principle, resting on the basis of a simple truth. It is a moral principle, swaying the affections and will; not barely a conviction of the understanding, but a feeling persuasion, an unwrought sentiment of the heart. It is confidence, trust, reliance, on one who has divine authority, and on whom it is infinitely for our interest to lean. It excludes from the mind the power of inferior principles and motives, and fortifies it against the attacks of external calamity.

We may learn from this, how to try and prove our own faith, and when to be satisfied with it. We may learn not to estimate its value by the number of propositions of which it is compounded, but by the spirit with which we embrace it, and the power it exercises over us. The question is not, Do we lay stress on a multitude of fundamental articles? Are we skilful to discriminate the shades of difference between error and truth upon subjects of intricacy and controversy? Do we love to be occupied in mysterious musings, and to be involved in contemplation of deep and perplexing inquiries? These are not the marks of a saving faith. But the question rather is, have we acknowledged *Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God*, so heartily, that he is really and habitually our Master, and that his authority rules and controls us in all things? so that this faith works by love, purifies our hearts, and overcomes the world? It is the parent of holy desires, pure dispositions, good living, and earnest aspirations after the excellence and bliss of heaven? It is for these qualities that faith is valuable. It is by these that it works out our salvation. It is this efficacy in reforming, purifying, elevating, spiritualizing the human character, that constitutes the glory of the gospel. When it has done this, it has accomplished its great work. If it be doing this for us, we may be satisfied that our faith is neither fatally erroneous, nor weak. But if it be pure as that of angels, and yet do not display this moral power, it is no better than 'sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal.' H. Ware, Jr.

MERCANTILE LIFE.

The life of a merchant is, necessarily, a life of peril. He can scarcely move without danger. He is beset on all sides with disappointments, with fluctuations in the current of business, which sometimes leave him stranded on an unknown bar, and sometimes sweep him helpless into the ocean. These vicissitudes depend on causes which no man can control, and are often so sudden, that no calculation could anticipate, or skill avoid them. To risk much, to be exposed to hazards, belongs to the vocation of a merchant; his usefulness and success depend, in many cases, on his enterprize. He must have courage to explore new regions of commerce, and encounter the difficulties of untried experiments. To be unfortunate in such pursuits is no more disgraceful to an upright trader, than to fall in the field of battle is dishonorable to the soldier, or defeat to a General who has done all that valor and skill could achieve to obtain a victory. * * * Our traders must not consider themselves, or allow others to consider them, as petty traffickers for petty gains by all advantages: but as *merchants*, in the fullest and most honorable sense of the term; as the men by whom the great operations of the world are sustained, by whom the intercourse of the human family, however scattered and remote, is kept up; as the instruments of civilization and intellectual improvement; as the agents to distribute the comforts and luxuries of life over the whole surface of the globe. By them the whole race of man, of every variety of complexion and character, and wheresoever they may inhabit, are brought together, and taught to know each other and to aid each other. They are the peacemakers of the world, for they show it to be the interest and happiness of all to remain at peace; and they demonstrate that it is easier to obtain the good things we may desire by commerce than by conquest; by exchange, than by arms. They soften national asperities and remove unjust prejudices. Such high functions cannot be performed by ordinary men; and those who do perform them faithfully are the noblest benefactors of mankind.—*Ingersol.*

There is a world where no storm intrudes, a haven of safety against the tempests of life. A little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicions are not there, nor Jealousies, nor Falsehood with her double tongue, nor the venom of Slander. Peace embraceth it with outspread wings. Plenty broodeth there. When a man entereth it, he forgetteth his sorrows, and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence, and to pleasures not mingled with remorse. This world is the well ordered home of a virtuous and amiable woman.

Who knows any thing of God, 'but the Son, and he to whom the Son has revealed him?' Who understands any thing of the purposes of the divine will, but they who have received it from Jesus? Look over the history of the world, Brethren; in former and in present times, in christian and in pagan lands:—where do you find religious knowledge, and from what fountains does it flow? Do you not trace all its streams to Nazareth? Do you not find every beam emanating from the Star of Bethlehem?

LIBERALITY OF SENTIMENT.

The following description of Liberal Sentiments is from the pen of a masterly writer in the Theological Miscellany, Vol. 1, page 39. Though long, the extract deserves an attentive reading.—*Christian Intel.*

"A man of liberal sentiments must be distinguished from him who hath *no religious sentiments at all*. He is one who hath seriously and effectually investigated, both in his Bible and on his knees, in public assemblies and in private conversations, the important articles of religion. He hath laid down principles, he hath inferred consequences; in a word, he hath adopted sentiments of his own.

He must be distinguished also from that tame undiscerning domestic among good people, who, though he has sentiments of his own, yet has not judgment to estimate the worth and value of one sentiment beyond another.

Now a generous believer of the Christian religion is one who will never allow himself to try to propagate his sentiments by the commission of sin. No collusion, no bitterness, no wrath, no undue influence of any kind, will he apply to make his sentiments receivable; and no living thing, will be less happy for his being a christian. He will exercise his liberality by allowing those who differ from him as much virtue and integrity as he possibly can.

There are, among a multitude of arguments to enforce such a disposition, the following worthy our attention.

First, We should exercise liberality in union with sentiment, because of the different *capacities, advantages* and *tasks* of mankind. Religion employs the *capacities* of mankind, just as the air employs their lungs and their organs of speech. The fancy of one is lively, of another dull. The judgment of one is elastic; of another feeble, a damaged spring. The memory of one is retentive; that of another is treacherous as the wind. The passions of this man are lofty, vigorous, rapid: those of that man crawl, and hum, and buz, and when on wing, sail only round the circumference of a tulip. Is it conceivable that capability, so different in every thing else should be all alike in religion? The *advantages* of mankind differ.—How should he who hath no parents, no books, no tutor, no companions, equal him whom Providence hath gratified with them all; who when he looks over the treasures of his own knowledge, can say, this I had of a Greek, that I learned of a Roman; this information I acquired of my tutor, that was a present of my father: a friend gave me this branch of knowledge, an acquaintance bequeathed me that. The *tasks* of mankind differ; so I call the employments and exercises of life. In my opinion, circumstances make great men; and if we have not Cæsars in the state, and Pauls in the church, it is because neither church nor state are in the circumstances in which they were in the days of those great men. Push a dull man into a river, and endanger his life, and suddenly he will discover invention, and make efforts beyond himself. The world is a fine school of instruction. Poverty, sickness, pain, loss of children, treachery of friends, malice of enemies, and a thousand other things, drive the man of sentiment to his Bible, and, so to speak, bring him home to a repast with his benefactor, God. Is it conceivable that he whose young and tender heart is yet unpractised in trials of this kind, can have ascertained and tasted so many religious truths as the sufferer has?

We should believe the Christian religion with liberality, in the second place, because *every part of the Christian religion inculcates generosity.* Christianity gives us a character of God; but my God! what a character does it give! God is love. Christianity teaches the doctrine of Providence; but what a providence! *Upon whom doth not its light arise!* Is there an animalcule so little, or a wretch so forlorn, as to be forsaken and forgotten of his God? Christianity teaches the doctrine of redemption: of whom?—of all tongues, kindred, nations, and people: of the infant of a span, and the sinner of a hundred years old: a redemption generous in its principle, generous in its price, generous in its effects; fixed sentiments of divine munificence, and revealed with a liberality for which we have no name. In a word, the illiberal Christian always acts contrary to the spirit of his religion; the liberal man alone thoroughly understands it.

"Thirdly, We should be liberal, because no other spirit is *exemplified* in the infallible guides whom we profess to follow. I set one Paul against a whole army of uninspired men: 'Some preach Christ of good will, and some of envy and strife. What then? Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea and will rejoice. One eateth all things, another eateth herbs; but why dost THOU judge thy brother? We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.' We often inquire, What was the doctrine of Christ, and what was the practice of Christ; suppose we were to institute a third question, Of what TEMPER was Christ?

"Once more: We should be liberal as well as orthodox, because truth, especially the truths of Christianity, *do not want any support* from our liberality. Let the little bee guard its little honey with its little sting; perhaps its little life may depend a little while on that little nourishment. Let the fierce bull shake his head, and nod his horn, and threaten his enemy, who seeks to eat his flesh, and wear his coat, and live by his death: poor fellow! his life is in danger; I forgive his bellowing and his rage. But the Christian religion—is that in danger? and what human efforts can render that true which is false, that odious which is lovely? Christianity is in no danger, and therefore it gives its professors life and breath, and all things, except a power of injuring others.

"In fine, liberality in the profession of religion is a *wise and innocent policy*. The bigot lives at home; a reptile he crawled into existence, and there in his hole he lurks a reptile still. A generous Christian goes out of his own party, associates with others, and gains improvement by all. It is a Persian proverb, *A liberal hand is better than a strong arm*. The dignity of Christianity is better supported by acts of liberality than by accuracy of reasoning: but when both go together, when a man of sentiment can clearly state and ably defend his religious principles, and when his heart is as generous as his principles are inflexible, he possesses strength and beauty in an eminent degree."

FROM THE GOSPEL ANCHOR.

NATURE AND GRACE.

"*Without natural affection.*" Rom. i, 31.

Among the fashionable theological phrases of the day, we frequently hear about *nature* and *grace*. When a man has "got religion," he has left a state of nature for one of grace, and he congratulates himself on having experienced a happy and blessed change. It is true, indeed, that this individual, whoever he may be, has met with a change, but how happy and blessed it may be, will best appear from considering the respective claims of *nature* and *grace*.

Nature, *unspoiled* by modern theology, teaches very pure and sublime doctrines. Simple nature leads the child to love its parent, because it receives manifest demonstration that it is the object of its parent's regard and affection. The most uninstructed child of nature, instinctively flies to its parent for protection, because it feels an assurance of the will and disposition of that parent to keep it from injury. The parent is taught by nature to love and provide for its tender offspring, because its weakness does not permit it to supply its own wants. The relative duty of parent and child is thus indelibly stamped on the heart, by the God of nature himself.

The doctrine of grace, in its *modern* acceptation, produces effects the very reverse. He that is changed from nature to grace, will learn to despise his father if he has not changed with him. He will lose his confidence in his parent, and repose it in his *priest*. Again, the parent who is changed from nature to grace, will desert her little helpless family, to follow the dictatorial commands of her spiritual guide; and if a protracted meeting should be kept up for one month, you will see these children of grace, violating the teachings of nature, neglecting their families, and breaking through every domestic rule of a well ordered family.

The doctrine of nature teaches us that the power which has brought us into being, is a God of universal benevolence. It proclaims his goodness, "in that he sends us rain and fruitful fields, filling our hearts with food and gladness."

The doctrine of grace on the contrary, teaches that God is a *partial* being, who is the eternal enemy of a large portion of his family; and the convert from nature to grace, receives all his enjoyment in the belief that he is now one of the *favorites*, and he is led to rejoice in the godlike sentiment that while *he* will be exalted to a state of infinite bliss, his less favored brethren will be sent to pass an eternity in an endless hell.

If such are the conversions from the state of nature to that of grace, people had better die unconverted. If these are the fruits that flow from a *new* heart, they had better keep the *old one*. Simple nature is a much better teacher than such preachers as these.

Our Savior says, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Little children are in a state of nature. They rely at all times and under all circumstances, on the love and protection of their affectionate parents. They have no misgiving doubts, no unbelieving apprehensions. If they transgress their parent's commands and stand in fear of correction, they know that it will be tempered with mercy. They are not driven to *despair* for the fear of being *roasted alive*. Now all who entertain any other views of our heavenly Father, than that of the *paternal* character, have need of conversion; and if their doctrines of grace do not teach them this they had better remain the untutored children of nature.

It is a pleasing reflection that the doctrine which our Savior taught, is not the *modern* doctrine of grace. The God of revelation is the God of nature more clearly made known to us, in the character of his Son. It is, therefore, only necessary, if we wish to ascertain the disposition of the Father of the spirits of all flesh, towards mankind, to refer to that disposition which Christ manifested towards the brethren. Was he good, kind and merciful to all? So is our heavenly Father. Did he bless his enemies and forgive them? So will God.

He, then, who receives this doctrine into his heart, may be said to be converted; to have received all the assurance that characterizes the child in reference to its parent's dealings. But to go from a state of nature to that of grace, in which the character of the Father becomes one of tyranny and cruelty, is only a change *for the worse*.—L.

FROM THE SENTINEL AND STAR IN THE WEST.

THE SUICIDE.

"Ah once we knew the social passions glowed
In thy devoted bosom; and the hand that
Smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
Thy many woes poor *suicide*, unknown?
He who thy being gave, shall judge of these alone."

* * * * *

"Mild be the doom of heaven, as thou wast mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless—but the last."

CAMPBELL.

The *love of life* is a principle implanted in our hearts by the great Creator for wise purposes, and is a feeling natural to every human being—so natural indeed, that scarce a bosom can be found that does not palpitate with fear in view of death. Man, while floating on the tides of prosperity, or trudging along in the vale of obscurity, affliction and misfortune, or dragging out a miserable existence in the depths of poverty, or in whatever situation he is placed, gives indubitable evidence of attachment to this mortal life. But notwithstanding the almost imperishable love of life, existing in the bosom of human beings, *some* have been brought to endure such extreme and hopeless agony, as to overcome it, and have been led to wield the instrument of their own execution. Whether the suicidal act be the effect of mental aberration, religious despair, disappointed affections, or whatever else, the good, the benevolent and humane will be ready to shed the tear of sympathy, and mingled emotions of pity and sorrow will be experienced for the unfortunate *suicide*. When a fellow being, in whom reason had forsaken her empire, unfortunately commits the sad deed of self-immotion, one

——"whose heart in holy mould was cast
And all whose deeds were blameless—but the last,"

we would suppose that every one, in whose bosom glowed one spark of affection for our race, or who possessed one drop of the 'milk of human kindness,' would feel to sympathize. I had thought if there was a character, in whose behalf the tenderest sympathies of our nature could be enlisted, it would be he who had perished by his own hands—and I had also thought that he was the very being, above all others, over whose deeds the broad veil of charity should be thrown.

These thoughts and reflections suggested themselves to my mind long, long since, on the occasion of some remarks made by one in sacerdotal robes, executing the priestly office. He was combatting heterodoxy, (as he thought,) and appeared to glory with a savage satisfaction, that the *suicide* would writhe to all eternity in everlasting flames! While ruminating on the subject, a reminiscence of my younger years was brought to my mind. An amiable and interesting female, who had been but a few years wandering in "life's bleak desert;" on whose head the snows of scarcely twenty winters had fallen, placed her affections on one who was every way unworthy of them, and who ruined and forsook her. She had for a series of years well maintained the dignity of the christian religion—but the destroyer came, and she was about to bring scandal on the sacred cause of christianity, which produced an unendurable degree of mental agony, destroyed her intellect, she became a lunatic, and in an evil hour, a sacrifice on the altar of self-immolation! And can it be, thought I, that she who had been amiable, kind, courteous, benevolent and pious, is now under the administration of a merciful Creator, suffering excruciating tortures, without a gleam of hope to mitigate her pangs! If thy sentiments, oh man of God, be true, "hung be the heavens in black," and O, thou Earth, be clad in mourning!

But I anticipate the dawn of a brighter day on our world, when public sentiment will assume a more liberal tone. Looking down the vista of futurity, methinks I see the period approaching, when many of the conflicting creeds and heathenish dogmas of the present day shall be consigned to the receptacle of forgetfulness and oblivion—when liberal christianity will not be considered anti-scriptural, as it is at present by those whose views do not extend beyond the limits of their own observation—when the true doctrines of the gospel, those which will remain inscribed on the imperishable records of Heaven,

——"amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,"

will be universally taught and believed, and when men influenced by love to God and man, the strongest incentives to virtuous actions in the enlightened mind, will universally practice in their intercourse with each other, the precepts of the golden rule.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1832.

RENTING OF PEWS.

The renting of the Pews in the Orchard-street Church, which commenced on Monday last agreeable to notice, will be continued on Monday Evening next, (23d) at 7 o'clock. Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather on the previous day of sale, arrangements were made to preserve an equal choice of Pews on the next sale, by reserving each alternately Pew.

April 21st, 1832.

ORCHARD-STREET CHURCH.

This Church was opened for public worship by the Grand-street Society of Universalists on Sunday last. We cannot but express the gratification we felt in seeing so many friends once more assembled. The morning service was attended by a very respectable congregation, much larger than we had expected. But in the afternoon and evening the audience was far more numerous, and listened with devout attention, and the most evident pleasure to discourses from our excellent and well known Br. S. R. Smith. It must have been a season of refreshing and joy to many a heart, and we hope will not soon be forgotten.

Though not centrally, we think the Orchard-street Church well located. It will accommodate about a thousand persons.

Religious services will regularly commence at half past 10 o'clock in the morning, at 3 in the afternoon, and at 7 in the evening. S.

WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

The word *gospel* is of Saxon origin, and answers to the Greek *euaggelion*, which signifies a good or joyful message. There can be no dispute about the genuine meaning of the word. It always signifies a *joyful message* or *good news*. The gospel has no bad news in it. If it is not good news it is not the gospel. It is a message that comes laden with peace and joy from our Father in heaven. It whispers hope in the ear of the despairing; breathes comfort into the heart of the sorrowful; and diffuses light and blessedness wherever it goes. It is the tidings of God's unchanging and boundless love to his creatures. It is the unfailing promise of immortality and bliss to the whole family of man. It is the testament of God, and the earnest of our inheritance which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

We are aware that this is not the gospel with but too many professed christians. It is too free, too extensive to please their narrow minds and exclusive feelings. Yet we think it the gospel of the Bible and believe it will stand an eternal and most glorious truth when all the limited creeds of men shall be lost in forgetfulness.

We have said the gospel is *good news*. Let this be the criterion by which to judge of the doctrines of the gospel. The criterion is just. If the gospel as a whole—in other words, if all the doctrines of Jesus Chirst considered as a system, be gospel, that is, good news, then each and every one of those doctrines separately considered must be good news also. Now let us ask in candor, can that be called gospel or good news which proclaims a burning and an endless hell, where millions and millions of the human race, perhaps our nearest relatives and dearest friends, shall suffer in hopeless agony forever? Can that be good news which assures us of a resurrection from the dead perhaps only to endure the torments of the damned? Can that be good news which informs us that from all eternity we were perhaps fore-ordained, for the honor of God and to the praise of his glorious justice, to endless and unutterable wo? Or can that be good news which opens heaven with all its glory and its bliss before us and calls us to enter its mansions, and then leaves us to struggle with human weaknesses and imperfections and at last sink almost inevitably to perdition? He who can find the gospel in any of these, must possess a strange and inexplicable moral constitution, unlike that which Heaven has given the human race.

It may be said in reply, that the doctrine of endless misery does not constitute a part of the gospel, that it is a doctrine of the law, and was revealed through Moses and the prophets. That it makes no part of the gospel is clear as sunlight, and he must be miserably ignorant, or sadly influenced by popular prejudice, who can for a moment believe that Christ, by whom came grace and truth, and who brought life and immortality to light, first taught the awful doctrine of never-ending wo. Yet no man of learning and candor, we care not what his creed may be, we say no man of learning and candor will dare affirm or undertake to prove that the doctrine of endless misery was ever taught in the Scriptures of the Old Testament. On this subject they are as silent as the grave. They contain no threatning, no intimation of such a fate to one of the human race.

If the doctrine in question was ever taught by inspiration, it must have been taught by Jesus Christ, and *first* taught by him. In such case the question arises how Jesus Christ could with propriety, be called the Mediator of a *better covenant*. The first covenant revealed no endless misery; the second it is pretended does; and yet the second is the *better* covenant. We confess we cannot understand such reasoning. But if the christian religion be gospel indeed, that is good news, we may say with confidence not only that it is a better covenant, but also that it knows nothing of unending torment. If endless misery was not revealed amidst the thunders, and fire, and storm, of Sinai, we feel an assurance strong as demonstration that it was never discovered on Calvary. S.

CALVINISM EXPOSED.

"We extract the following exposition of Calvinism from the introduction of a discourse "preached at the opening of the Synod of New-York, 1829," by the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox. It will be remembered that Dr. Cox is a leading Presbyterian in this city, of great learning, at least of great pretensions, and of great influence and authority. How he squares his conscience with his creed we know not. But one thing is very evident, that he believes the Presbyterian "Confession of Faith," little more than ourselves, if we are permitted to judge of his opinions from his writings. We trust hereafter we shall never be accused of misrepresenting Calvinism. When its own doctors thus treat its dogmas, Universalists have nothing to fear. S.

Whatever disconnects the facts of revelation from the moral nature of man, whatever tends to solace him in his distance from Christ, or excuse for a moment his disobedience to the Gospel, ought to be rejected as false and ruinous, as well as inglorious to the Author of Christianity. There are many dogmas of this sort, some of them not "proved," or even suspected, by the men that employ them. But their effect is as really to alienate a sense of obligation, and an approbation of "the *grace* of Christ," as if their motto were that of the impious, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." Some of these I shall here particularize:

A man has no ability to do his duty.

Where the means of grace are purely and abundantly vouchsafed, by the sovereign goodness of Providence, a man can do nothing for, but can only counteract, his own salvation; having no ability, even if he had the inclination, to believe the Gospel and be saved.

The wickedness of men consists in physical defect or disorganization of the faculties of the soul, so that total depravity and physical depravity are nearly synonymous, and both equally true.

Regeneration is the implantation of *a certain kind of* "principle of holiness," which is incapable of definition, or demonstration, and has no connexion with human consciousness; which precedes all active mental holiness, and is antecedent also to all "the fruit of the Spirit," as specified in the New Testament; in the susception and sustentation of which, the Creator is sole as well as sovereign agent; man no agent at all, but only a passive receiver, an unconscious subject, of the mysterious gratuity; and which is the happy contrary of a *principle of sin* which is concreated with us, and is the permanent fund of all our depravity, in which also we are passive—though quite active in exercising all the wickednesss which flows (full copiously) from such an inserted fountain, and which has its residence and location somewhere in the texture of the soul, which is itself a very wicked thing somehow physiologically, in the very nature of it, antecedent to any agency at all of ours.

Regeneration consists in some secret physical motion on the soul, which restores its dislocated powers, and cures the connatural diseases of its texture; since the work of the Creator, as such, is not "good," but lays the foundation, in the very entity of the soul, for all its overt wickedness, and for the necessity of regeneration.

The soul is passive, entirely passive, and God the sole agent, in regeneration.

The means of grace, and the gospel itself, are in no sense moral causes of regeneration; since their important use is merely to illustrate the strength of an invincible depravity, to make the sinner worse and worse, till he is physically regenerated, and then to signalize the prodigious efforts and labors of Omnipotence, in this department of constant miracle-working:—as if there were no considerable difference between dividing the Red Sea symbolically by the rod of Moses, and conciliating the human mind by the revealed glories of the *everlasting* Gospel!

It is wrong to require a sinner in the name of God to repent immediately, and believe the Gospel, and to urge him to this as the only way of salvation.

The offer of salvation is not made to every

hearer; or, if it be, to accept it is impracticable and to require this of the sinner, wanton and absurd.

If there is a universal offer in the Gospel, it is founded—not on the atonement of Jesus Christ at all, but only on the ministerial commission; or on human ignorance of who the elect are; or it has no moral foundation; or it is only man's offer, and not God's; or it is a matter of mere sovereignty, and so insolvable; or it is an offer in form, and in fact no offer or overture at all: and this, although there is no salvation known to the Gospel but that of our Lord Jesus Christ as an *atoning* Savior. Prov. i. 20—33. Luke, xiv. 24. Acts, iv. 12, xiii. 26. 46.

If I have caricatured these dogmas, I have done so intentionally:—but only by representing them as they are, and making the reality govern the appearance. I know their advocates would represent them differently; but, as I believe, without altering their nature, or making them intrinsically any better than I have briefly shown them. The difference is too great for concealment or compromise, so far as the principles themselves are concerned, between these dogmas with the system of distorted doctrine to which they belong, and the barren or stagnant effects which they produce, taken together on the one hand, and a system of discriminated and consistent truth on the other, which promotes revivals of religion, captivates the understanding, and commends the Gospel in its glory "to every man's conscience in the sight of God," as a most perfect and gracious economy, worthy of its Author, full of eternal harmonies, and identified with "the power of God and the wisdom of God—the manifold wisdom of God," in the salvation of sinners.

SOUTHOLD, L. I.

We have received a communication from our respected correspondent, "Philotheos," in relation to an article that lately appeared in the Christian Soldier over the signature "S. N." charging the Universalists of Southold with disorderly and shameless conduct at a late protracted meeting held in that place.

The Universalists in Southold are perhaps unacquainted with the character of the Christian Soldier. We can assure them that its censure is the best of praise. The Christian Soldier is published with the avowed object of suppressing the doctrine of Universalism and of aiding and building up its opposite, the doctrine of endless misery. Its character is worthy of its cause, and of that cause only. It is distinguished for its little regard to truth or decency. The respectable limitarian papers and clergymen, with scarcely an exception, regard it as a low and scurrilous print.

Whoever "S. N." may be, it is quite evident he partakes largely of the Soldier's spirit and equally merits public contempt. He charges Universalists with having taken off the gates which opened into the enclosure surrounding the meeting house from their hinges—of shooting out their lips contemptuously, invariably railing assent to the most awful threatnings of the bible, laughing, talking aloud, and finally that one of them with a lighted candle in his hand presented himself in one of the aisles near the pulpit, and there stood through the service, and that another lighted a pipe or cigar and seated himself near the desk, &c. &c. very much to the discomfort of his neighbors.

Now with respect to all this, it is only necessary to remark that the Universalists of Southold rank among the most intelligent and respectable citizens of the place. This no man of common honesty and candor dares deny. It is well known to the Presbyterians themselves, that the Universalists as much disapprove of such conduct as any one.

In relation to these charges of "S. N." our correspondent says: "His assertion is an *unqualified falsehood*, an unprovoked and wanton attack upon a respectable body of people. I have conversed with the two men who smoked and held the candle in church, and am authorized by them to say, that they are *not* Universalists. They have no religious faith whatever." So much for "S. N." and the Christian Soldier. Their contemptible falsehoods would only tend to destroy their own reputation if either had any to lose.

Our friends in Southold need not fear either for themselves or their cause, while such engines are brought against them. Philotheos will therefore excuse us from publishing his communication. Whenever these charges shall be made by a man of respectability, or in a respectable paper, the columns of the Messenger shall be open for defence. Until then we feel that circumstances do not require it, for with the "Christian Soldier," or its correspondents we shall hold no controversy. S.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

Messrs. Editors,—The writer of the famous tract of 60 pages, (entitled "reasons for not embracing the doctrine of universal salvation," &c.) says in page 43d, that "the Universalists possess no uniform character, and the methods by which they defend their various systems, are as various and contradictory, as the systems themselves." We are free to acknowledge, that we differ in our opinions, but that we differ more than those who embrace the doctrine of endless misery, we think would be hard to prove.—Though Universalists differ in opinion, yet they have never hanged, burnt, and beheaded one another for thus differing, as the believers in endless misery have done; and, God forbid, that the spirit of persecution which the believers in endless misery have cherished towards each other, should ever be cherished by Universalists. It would require volumes to notice the "various methods" and "systems" and contradictions abounding among those who teach the certainty of endless misery. One learned doctor will tell you that sin is an *infinite evil*, and that therefore those who are guilty of it (all except a favored few) must be punished with an endless and infinite punishment. Another equally as learned, (who by the by, is of the opinion of the writer of the famous tract I have alluded to) supposes that it is necessary that *all* (except a few called the elect) be made to suffer endless misery for the *general* good, and as sin is the cause of the endless misery of almost the whole creation, for creation's *general* good; therefore it follows, that sin must be an infinite *good*, as well as an infinite *evil*. Another, who is rather more benevolent, will tell you that he believes that there will be vastly many more saved, than lost, yet he will argue, that it is absolutely necessary that a few should sufier endless misery in hell, in order to deter those who are in heaven from rebelling against their Maker, and at the same time will teach, that God wills, and desires the salvation of the whole; yea, *desires* it, notwithstanding the absolute *necessity* of a *few* being punished eternally to keep the *many* in obedience. Says another profound doctor, "every man before he can become a true christian, must be willing to perish eternally," but he acknowledges at the same time, that *God* is not willing any should perish—and though he admits God is not willing any should perish, yet in the next breath, he will tell you that God decreed from all eternity that a certain number called the non-elect *should perish;* consequently decreed it against his own will, not being willing any should perish. Says one, God foreordained and decreed the endless damnation of the sinner.—Says another, God did not when he created the sinner *decree* his endless damnation, he only at that time *foreknew* his endless damnation. Another will tell you, God *would* save all men but *cannot*—and another, that He *can* but *will not*.—But I forbear to follow them any farther through their various "windings." I should trespass too much on the columns of this paper, should I pursue the subject. I have barely pointed out a few of the almost innumerable contradictions and "various systems," found among those denominations who unite in scarcely any one thing, except their belief in endless misery, and in their denunciation againt all those who will not embrace and teach it as an infallible certainty. May they learn to be more consistent and charitable, and may the Lord forgive them for the cruel persecutions they have exercised against each other, as well as against all those who have dared to differ from them in opinion on the subject of religion. May they forbear to scoff at those who pray and hope for the salvation of all men. May they recollect that all souls belong to God, and also, that "with God all things are possible," and that therefore the final salvation of *all men* may be possible, and viewing it as possible, may they in sincerity *pray* and *hope* for it.

Universal Supplicationist.

Stamford, Conn.

FROM THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A PREACHER.

NO. II.

It was on a beautiful and sunny morning of one of the first days in September, 1820, that accompanied by Br. M. we left the city of Hudson, and proceeded quietly and leisurely towards Claverack. The full bounty of the season, poured from the overflowing hand of eternal Beneficence, was everywhere perceptible, and could not fail of exciting the consciousness of the care of our heavenly Father. And with this consciousness, came the recollection of the dependence of the whole animal creation upon the plan and operation of that system of providence which rolls round the seasons, and accompanies each with its appropriate benefits and enjoyments. And with these impressions, came also, the warm and devout feelings of gratitude to the "Father of mercies," for the displays of his paternity, in the gift of his varied and universal bounty—a munificence that "satisfies the wants of every living thing."

The treasures of thousands of orchards, on the right hand and on the left—and especially the peach-trees, which were bending to the earth beneath the burden of their fruit, crowned the labors of the husbandman, and taught him the great lesson of the goodness of God. Peaches are not produced in some sections of our country, and especially, in that whence we had come.—To obtain a few dozen was therefore an object of some importance, for which efficient means were soon adopted.

A substantial brick house—situated a shor distance from the range of the street, yet not separated from it by any enclosure, and which appeared to have been formerly occupied as a tavern, with the appendages of a fine yard of peach trees adjoining, furnished every facility of approach, and every reason to hope for a favorable answer to our humble request. Approaching the door, Br. M. alighted, and applied the knocker, while it devolved on his companion to remain in the carriage and hold the horse. In a moment the door was opened, and a venerable female whose head was frosted by full seventy winters—plainly dressed, but active and intelligent, appeared, and, in a dialect strangely tinctured with *German*, asked what was wanted? The request was put in form for a few peaches. Her natural and national kindness would not suffer him to go unaccompanied—she would go with him lest he should not find the best fruit. While gathering it, Br. M. who

had some knowledge of the German, addressed the inquiry to her in that language—whether she was not German? To this, the characteristic *ya* was responded, and the question retorted—how he came to understand German? She was answered—"with a view to read the Testament." "Then you are a preacher?" The moment this was admitted, he was further asked—"of what denomination?" His reply was prompt—"of the Universalist," though it was foreseen that the good old matron might be shocked at its annunciation. "My God!" she exclaimed, greatly agitated, and in a dialect half English, half German, inquired—"who is with you?" She was told—when she came bustling out to the road—ran up to the carriage, tears coursing each other down her cheeks, and said "you must come in—you must come in." But we cannot—we are on a journey, must go so far to-day, and *must* be excused.

The good old lady entreated—"Do come in, I want to talk so very much; for would you believe it, here I have been a poor old German woman, opposed by every body—my minister, and my family, and have believed this glorious doctrine of universal salvation these *thirty years*. No body learned it to me, I found it in the blessed Bible."

To behold her joy, to hear her endless narration, and to witness the expression of her heartfelt sense of the goodness of God, combined to render the scene greatly interesting. We wept in sympathy with this mother in Israel, and commending each other to the care and kindness of heaven, we pursued our journey. A year afterwards, we again met this excellent woman and learned her name.

Let no one say hereafter that the Bible never makes Universalists—nor let any despair of finding the doctrine of salvation of all men taught in that blessed book, when a person situated as old Mrs. M. was, can find it there in defiance of her prepossessions and the faith of all her friends.

BARNABAS.

AN EXTRACT.

It is very observable, in the experience of life, that different men, equally eager in the pursuit of happiness, place their dependence for happiness in very different things; so that what is absolutely essential to one, may be of no importance to another, because his affections lie elsewhere. For example: here is one, who pursues sensual indulgence, lives for his appetites, and is wretched if they be restrained. Here is another, who regards property as the chief good, and being wholly devoted to its acquisition, passes by with supreme indifference those indulgences which are essential to the other. Here is a third, who is solicitous for nothing but the acquisition of knowledge and literary eminence, who feels that for himself happiness can be found only in retirement and study; and he would feel small disturbance at a reverse of fortune affecting him in other respects. Instances of this sort are of daily observation—where one man pursues with the extremest earnestness, and loses with the deepest affliction, what another would think worth no pains to acquire, and would relinquish without a sigh. This depends entirely upon what each had persuaded himself to be essential to his happiness. The loss of the merest trifle, if he have accounted it essential to his happiness, may rack him with intolerable pangs. The heaviest calamity, if he have placed his happiness elsewhere, may scarcely cost him a tear. Ahab, the great king of Israel, had set his heart upon an insignificant vineyard, and because he could not obtain it, thought himself too wretched to live. But Paul the Apostle, 'suffered the loss of all things,' and gave them up cheerfully, because to none of them had he trusted for happiness, but his whole soul was absorbed in something else.

DIED,

In Malborough, on the 28th ult. Mr. William Miller, aged 42. Mr. Miller was a native of England, but had been a resident in this country about sixteen years. Those who were most acquainted with him, unitedly testify to the probity of his character, the honesty of his dealings, and the rectitude of his moral deportment. He had for several years been a believer in the glorious truth that God will have all men to be saved. And under the supporting influence of this faith he sustained a distressing sickness, with fortitude and humble resignation to the will of God, and died in the confident hope of the ultimate salvation of the world.—*Trumpet.*

In Marlborough, on the 31st ult. Mrs. Hannah L. Peters, aged 29.

Seldom has death stamped his icy signet on a more lovely woman. And seldom has a bereaved circle been called to mourn the exit of one whose loss has been so severely felt, and in whose character so many graces were sweetly blended. Dignified and unostentatious in her deportment, modest and unassuming in her manners; mild and gentle in her disposition, and warm and sincere in her attachments, she won the esteem and affection of all who knew her. But though an ornament to society in which she moved, she was fitted to shine in the domestic sphere with peculiar brightness. Clad in those mild and endearing virtues which constitute the affectionate wife, the tender mother, the dutiful daughter, and sincere friend, she was all in female loveliness that could adorn, and make happy the family circle. But the bright "jewels of the mind" with which she was adorned, were borrowed from "A TRUST IN GOD." Possessed by nature of a strong, reflecting, and inquiring mind, she had been studious of the scriptures from her youth. And the fruit of her study was, a firm and unwavering faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the sent of God the SAVIOR OF THE WORLD. The glorious gospel of the blessed God, she regarded as the most conclusive evidence of His Paternal character. And the conviction that we have ALL one Father, and that He loves his children, wrought in her by love and purified her heart. Under the influence of this faith, so honorable to the character of its glorious Author, and so congenial to the pure and benevolent feelings of the human heart, she lived, while in health and prosperity, to adorn it, by a virtuous and well ordered life. And when the hour came which called her to relinquish the joys of health, and the pleasing duties of domestic life, for the bed of sickness, *she was prepared to meet it.* That highest of all earthly blessings, a holy resignation to the will of heaven, was the peaceful tenant of her breast; and it armed her with fortitude, and patience, to meet a lingering and wasting disease, which she bore with truly christian meekness and submission; and she was blessed with the privilege of giving ample testimony to others, that a strong confidence in the boundless Jehovah, the Father of the Universe, has power to sustain his children in the hour of their need.

Aware of her belief in the doctrine of a world's salvation, her neighbors whose faith is limited to the salvation of but a portion of our race, were extremely anxious to eradicate what they believed to be erroneous principles from her mind; and contract her faith to the same limited circle as their own. But their exertions were at all times met by the prompt assurance that her mind was firmly fixed in the belief that "God is the Savior of ALL MEN"—that her trust was strong and unwavering—that her hopes were rested on 'the Rock Christ Jesus,' that she was happy, and resigned." She frequently observed that she became a Universalist from the study of the Bible, before she had heard one preach, or read their publications—and that, as her body grew weaker, her faith, if possible increased. In this happy and confident frame of mind she continued through a protracted disease of more than six months, during which time not a murmur escaped her lips. And but a short time before her death she said to the writer of this humble tribute to her worth, that during her whole sickness not a shadow of a doubt had passed her mind, in relation to the truth of the doctrine in which she believed. She retained her mental faculties to the last moment of her existence; and almost the last words she uttered were an expression of her continued confidence and resignation. Thus has the gospel of a world's salvation directed *another* through the walks of virtous life; and shed its sacred, peaceful light on the pillow of death. And although her family connexions are left to mourn, they will not mourn as those who have no hope; for they also, by faith have tasted that the Lord is good; they have witnessed the holy triumphs of this faith, in sustaining their departed friend; they will wash away their sorrows in the gospel fount; and bowing to high heaven's behest, will patiently anticipate the joys of that happy meeting where there shall be no more death and where separation can never come. G.

In North Bennington Feb. 13th Mr. Jabez Haws, aged 76, and on March 5th Mrs. Mary Haws, aged 76. Mr. Haws when asked, just before he died if he feared the future, answered, "It seems to me if I understand the Bible I have no reason to fear." Mrs. Haws although haunted continually by those who believe in endless misery, remained firm in the faith of Universalism to the last. Thus, again, proved the falsity of the stale saying, "Universalism fails in the hour of death."—*Watchman.*

The following should have been appended to the notice of the death of Mrs. Hannah Bates, published in our last.

In early life she made a profession of religion, and connected herself with the Methodist Church. For several years she maintained an unblemished standing in that communion. Subsequent and more thorough examination of the word of God, however convinced her of the error of that tenet in the Church which asserts the doctrine of endless punishment; and she accordingly renounced it. Her *faith* being increased, to correspond with her *hope* and her *charity*, she embraced, and for the last ten years had lived in the belief of the doctrine of God's universal love and salvation. With this change in her views, she was honorably dismissed from the Methodist connexion.—*Chris. Intel.*

There is a paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

LETTERS AND REMITTANCES

Received at this office, ending April 18th.

M. C. & L. Boston, Mass.; W. E. W. Woodbury, Ct. $1; J. F. Millheim, Penn.; P. M. Taunton, Mass. for R. B. $1; D. H. and B. U. Utica, N. Y. each $1; R. W. T. New Brunswick, N. J. $2; A. G. C. Southold, L. I. $2; J. P. and R. B. Brooklyn, each $2; G. W. Montgomery, Ala. $6, for J. T.—Col. W. P. and D. H. D.; F. W. Pittsfield, Mass. $2.

NOTICE.

Br. S. J. HILLYER, appoints to preach at Middleville, N. J. on Sunday next, (22d inst.) morning and afternoon, and at Camptown in the evening.

THIRD UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY.

An adjourned meeting of this Society, (lately worshipping in Grand-street,) will be held in the Lecture Room of the Orchard-street Church, on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, for the transaction of business. Members of the Society are requested to be punctual.

New-York, April 21, 1832.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

THE WIFE'S EXPOSTULATION.

Nay, dearest, nay! it is not well
To dream of joys so pure and bright—
An idle thing it is, to dwell
On Hope's wild visions of delight.
'Twere better for such hearts as ours
Sometimes to think of pain and care,
That when affliction's morning lowers,
Its gloom may be less hard to bear.

And, yet, it were a foolish thing,
To cloud with fears the way before us,
Or bind a fetter on the wing
That love is gently waving o'er us.
We may not hope to draw aside
The veil which hides our future years,
Then let us tread their path untried,
With fervent hopes and not with fears.

C. M. S.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

MEMORY.

O memory! torture me no more:
Or tell how things had been,
Had I been wise in years before,
And known, what I have seen.

Tell not of youth, when fancied scenes,
Absorbed the mental ray;
And visions bright, of future means
Of bliss, without decay.

Of blasted hopes, and withered joy,
Why bring them fresh to mind?
Or let reflection find employ,
On scenes so far behind.

The years are past, the days are fled;
Times' ever rolling stream,
Has sprinkled snow, upon my head,
And made my hopes a dream.

A pilgrim, left to make my moan,
As all my fathers were;
A stranger, midst my native home,
None gone, can re-appear.

But blessed hope, I hold thee still,
Nor will I let thee go,
'Till death's cold grasp this heart shall chill,
And lay this body low.

Soon will this fleeting life be o'er;
Another will succeed,
When disappointment is no more,
For God has so decreed.

G.

SOUTHOLD, L. I.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

HUMILITY AND PERSEVERANCE.

A FABLE.

From the side of a mountain there flowed forth a little rivulet. Its voice was scarcely heard amid the rustling of the leaves and grass around, and its shallow and narrow stream might be overlooked by the traveller. This brook, although so small, was inspired with a proud spirit, and murmured against the decree of providence, which had cast its lot so lowly.

"I wish I were a cloud, to roll all day through the heavens, painted so beautifully, as those lovely shapes are colored, and never descending again in showers; or, at least, I wish I were a broad river, performing some useful duty in the world. Shame on my weak waves and unregarded bubbling. I might as well have never been, as to be thus puny, insignificant, and useless."

When the brook had thus complained, a beautiful tall flower, that bent over its bosom, replied,

"Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayest be; useless thou art not, for I owe half my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy refreshing waters. The plants adjacent to thee are greener and richer than the others. The Creator has given thee a duty, which, though humble, thou must not neglect. Besides, who knows what may be thy future destiny? Flow on, I beseech thee."

The brook heard the rebuke, and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and by other rivulets poured their chrystal waters into it, and swelled its deepening bosom, in which already began to appear the fairy creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully, and glistening in the sun. As its channel grew wider and wider, and yet other branches came gliding into it, the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were launched on it, and it rolled on in a meandering course through a teeming country, freshening whatever it touched, and giving the whole scene a new character of beauty.

As it moved on now in majesty and pride, the sound of its gently-heaving billows formed itself into the following words:

"At the outset of life, however humble we may seem, fate may have in store for us great and unexpected opportunities of doing good and of being great. In the hope of these we should ever pass on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will bring in its own reward. How little I dreamed when I first sprang on my course what purposes I was destined to fulfil! What happy beings were to owe their bliss to me! What lofty trees, what velvet meadows, what golden harvests were to hail my career! Let not the meek and lowly despair: heaven will supply them with noble inducements to virtue."

A FRAGMENT.

"Where are my people? Where are my children? The frost came; the leaf is on the wind. The Red man is alone. The bones of his warriors whiten in the battle field. Give back his hunting grounds. Restore his villages burned, his wife and children murdered. Keep your civilization."

"But you would not reject our religion? We have the book of life. The Great Spirit has told us his will; we can read it and be saved," said I.

There was a proud curl on the Chief's lip, the fire kindled in his eye, as he replied: "The white man is forgetful. The Great Spirit has given him a book. He has written his will on the Red man's heart."

"But you are in nature's darkness. You know nothing of a crucified Redeemer—you know nothing of the way of Salvation—you must learn the religion of Jesus, before you can be saved."

"White man, I have travelled amongst your people. You quarrel. You fight about religion. You read the words of the Great Spirit many ways. When the Red man sees you agree amongst yourselves, he will listen."

"But ours is a religion of peace and love. It teaches us we are all brothers—that we should love each other."

"Where are my people? They were driven from the graves of their fathers by your religion of peace and love. White man, when the Red man sees you love each other, he will listen. When he sees you offer the mat to the weary hunter, he will ask your religion."

"Still you will not deny that our churches, our altars, our regular worship are desirable."

"See that boundless forest! that is the Red man's church. See that mountain stream! that leads the Red man to the home of the Great Spirit. There he finds the fish—in that forest, the Deer, the Buffalo, the Elk. He takes what he wants. He is thankful. That is the Red man's worship."

"What say you to our teachers of religion."

"Who teaches the Fawn to seek its dam? the unfledged bird to nestle under the wings of its mother? The lessons of the Black Coats make the white people false. The Great Spirit is good. He loves all his children. To you he has given various arts—you need them. He knew your hearts were deceitful—he has written his law for you on paper. Read it—be good. The Red man wants no teacher. He has the Great Spirit's law in his heart. His path is straight. The Great Spirit loves him—he is thankful."

"Do you never pray to the Great Spirit?"

"The Great Spirit loves the Red man—he will do him good. The Red man is thankful."

"Do you know what will become of you when you die?"

"Ottawa will go to his fathers. There are the happy hunting grounds for those who listen to the Great Spirit. White man, enough. You mean the Red man good. You have your ways—he has his. Be satisfied. The Red man is sore. Your people have taken his land—killed his wife and children. Ottawa is alone. When he forgets his wrongs he will listen to the Black Coat. Return to your home. The Great Spirit make your heart true. When he writes his law on your heart, you will know it well; you will call the Red man brother. Farewell."

"Thus ends my missionary tour," thought I, as the old Chief left me. *****

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Boston, April 2'1832.

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Messenger Office, Oct. 29.

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